A SERIES OF CRIMES BY ITAL-

IANS IN NEW ORLEANS. Opinion Divided as to Whether the Luciano Assassinations Are the Result of a

Vendetta or the Work of the Matta-Antonio Luciano Killed by His Foes at Last NEW OBLEANS, Aug. 22 .- Does the Mafia

exist again in New Orleans? Twelve years ago it was crushed out completely by the parish prison affair, for which eleven Italians were lynched; but in the opinion of some persons it has been revived. Conditions have changed since then. A

new Italian immigration has poured into Louisiana and New Orleans, which knows nothing of the parish prison vengeance. Between 30,000 and 35,000 Italians, practically all from Naples and Sicily, have settled here and throughout southern Louisiana, mainly in the sugar country. Have they brought back the Mafia? There are many who believe they have.

The lower class of Italians in particular are convinced of it, and have gone back to their old condition of fear and trembling. This was shown at the funeral the other day of Antonio Luciano, a so-called Mafia victim. Although he was one of the most popular Italians in New Orleans not one of his fellow countrymen was a pall bearer, and the coffin was borne to the grave by reporters and policeman.

To those who have given the subject close study the recent Italian murders and shooting affrays in New Orleans and its vicinity do not show the existence of the Mafia, but merely a revival of the vendetta, with some aggravating feature, such as the removal of the brave or hired assassin. The Luciano case, according to this view, is a grand vendetta.

How many have been murdered in it it is impossible to say, for the trouble began in the country and came here a year ago from Donaldsonville. Antonio Luciano, the head of the Luciano clan, was above the average Neapolitan in intelligence and energy. A resident of this country for fifteen years, he had mastered the English language and had become quite Americanized in some of his ideas. He had acquired a small fortune, which he invested in a macaroni factory in Donald-

it was there that he came into conflict with the Calamia clan over a contract for supplying paste to some of the Italian stores in the neighborhood. The quarrel became bitter, and the grand vendetta was sworn between the two clans.

As Luciano was much the weaker in forces he sold out his business at Donaldsonville at a great sacrifice and removed New Orleans, where he opened a grocery Poydras street and at once developed a good business. His departure from Don-al ison ville was followed by a number of murders which were never cleared up, but which the police attribute to the quarrel between Luciano and the Calamias.

Luciano in New Orleans prepared for the attack which he knew would come sooner r later. He sent over to Naples, where the Lucianos are strong in numbers, for rein-forcements. His brother, Salvatore Luciano, and his cousin, Luigi Luciano, came over to protect him. He also had several other Italians in his employ as guards.

The store was well stocked with arms and ammunition and provided with peep holes through which to fire in case of an attack. But, in spite of all these precau-tions, when the Calamia faction descended on them suddenly one night the Lucianos

on them suddenly one night the Lucianos were taken by surprise.
Salvatore Luciano and one of the guards were killed outright and Luigi Luciano was wounded. Antonio, by his quickness, escaped the murderers and shot three of

them.

The police arrested a dozen Italians, including Antonio Luciano. The latter took his arrest goodnaturedly. He said that he had become thoroughly Americanized, that he did not believe in the vendetta, but in justice through the courts, and that he intended to prosecute to the historian process.

The tough and brought the firemen out triumphant.

"The toughest part of it all is that a man who knew that the chances were all in favor of his stepson's being the thief should be willing to besmirch the Fire Department in this way."

PLEXITY. men who killed his beloved brother Sal-

Salvatore Luciano was buried the next day in imposing Italian style. The crowd around the coffin was composed mainly of women, for the male Italians had stayed away from the funeral, not wishing to become mixed up with the vendetta. There was one man present, however, a restaurant was one man present, nowever, a restaurant keeper of good repute, by the name of Bartolo Ferrari, who bent over the coffin and with tears in his eyes kissed the dead. As he did so, Antonio Luciano, who had been allowed to attend the funeral under the charge of a deputy sherif, sprang on him, shot him through the heart, and beat out his brains with the butt of a pistol. Luciano became suddenly calmas the officers approached him and said as he handed

"Take me out and hang me now. He murdered my brother, and I killed him."

While in prison Luciano lost his wife and child through an accident. He was taken out child through an accident. He was taken out of jail for a second time for a funeral. At the side of his wife's coffin he became violently insane, and his grief was so intense that every one expected him to drop dead from his frenzy. But he recovered, and in time was tried and acquitted.

Another brother, Giovanni Luciano, had been brought from Italy to look after Antonio's affairs while he was in prison, and with

nio's affairs while he was in prison, and with him came a sister to care for the motherless children. They came just in time to hear of Antonio's assassination.

Antonio knew well that his life was in

danger. He had received frequent warnngs. Especially impressive were the hreats brought to him by one Giuseppe Messina, a poor shoemaker, who advised him to make no new friends and never to enter an alley way after dark.

A few days after giving Antonio Luciano this advice Messina was waylaid by as-sassins and shot. He escaped with his e by a miracle.

The police have locked him up because he won't tell who shot him. They believe that he has full knowledge of facts that would solve the question, not only of the attack on himself, but of that on Luciano. Their theory is that he was chosen to kill Luciano but refused, and instead warned the

doomed man, and upon this breach lof faith he was condemned to death. Messina having refused to murder Luciano, the assassins had to look elsewhere for a bravo. They found him in Samuele Sparo or Aspara, a laborer in a Louisiana sugar refinery. Sparo made Luciano's acquaintance about a week before the murfor the murdered man disregarded Messina's warning to make no new friends. They were soon bosom friends, and during e next few days they went everywhere

nciano wanted a photograph of his dead wife, and Sparo took him to a pho-tographer's studio on Canal street. The had been there several times and had studied the field and apparently arranged everything in advance for the

assassination. As the two men descended the narrow and ill-lighted hall a pistol shot was heard When several persons rushed in Luciano was found dying on the floor, shot through the back. The assassin had sprung from a side window into an alley way and escaped through an empty house on a side street. Several persons have identified the man who jumped out of the window as Sparo, who is held as the mur-

surviving brother, Giovanni Luciano, has announced his intention of taking the entire family back to Italy as the only means of protecting them from assassination. A younger brother, Giuseppe, who lives in Italy and is a hot-tempered young man, wishes, it is said, to come over here and avenge the murders of his brothers. Juigi avenge the murders of his brothers. Luigi Luciano, the cousin, after the first mur-ders, went to New York, where he is said to

have changed his name so as to esc pe the vendetta declared against his family. The question that is disturbing New Or-leans just now is what to do in the matter. The best sentiment is that vigorous legal prosecutions will stop the trouble of the

MURDERS BY HIRED BRAVOS. NEW YORK FIREMEN HONEST,

But They Are Often Falsely Accused of Theft, Says Secretary Leary.

Secretary William Leary of the Fire Department has just emerged triumphant from a controversy with a life insurance man of this city, who, some weeks ago, made the charge that during a fire in an apartment house in which he lived, on the upper West Side, \$3,000 worth of diamonds belonging to his wife were stolen by firemen, and a lot of valuable furniture was destroyed unnecessarily.

Mr. Leary says that, by looking up the records of the Fire Department, he has found that nine times out of ten after a fire in a private house, an apartment house, or a hotel, charges of theft have been recklessly made against firemen. In every case, so far that he has discovered, save one, the charges have been found to be utterly without foundation and made in a moment of excitement by persons who, when they have recovered their equanimity, did not take the trouble to correct the mistake they made.

Since Commissioner Sturgis took charge of the department, the charges of dishonesty have been fewer. The Commissioner was very proud of this. Consequently, a short time ago, when an anonymous communication was printed in a newspaper, accusing firemen of theft at a West Side fire, and asking why firemen weren't investigated once in a while. like grafting policemen, Secretary Leary was instructed to make a complete investigation of the matter.

The fire referred to was soon located by Mr. Leary. Instead of being in a "swell apartment house," as the letter writer described it, it was in a flat over a grocery

Instead of \$3,000 worth of diamonds being missed, \$300 worth of jewels were taken. Not an artice in the apartment had been broken, although it was charged in the let-ter that "some fine old Chippendale pieces" had been kicked to bits by the firemen in

Mr. Leary got a positive denial from the firemen who were engaged in putting out the fire that they had taken anything out of the apartment, and also the information

of the apartment, and also the information that all the time they were in the room of the life insurance man, the latter's stepson, who is 25, was with them. They left him there when they went out, they said.

Mr. Leary got this far but couldn't trace the missing jewelry. In despair he called in the police and asked them to help him to clear up the matter, as it was one that rested heavily on the honor of the Fire Department.

Department.
The police of the West Sixty-eighth street station began an investigation, and the very next day reported that the stepson who was in the room with the firemen and who stayed there after they left, had been arrested three times in the past two years, always on the complaint of the stepfather, who accused him of theft. The young man, the police said, had stolen jewelry, clothing

Mr. Leary confronted the writer of the letter, who he learned was the stepfather, with these facts and got a vindication for

the firemen.
"It seems to me," said Secretary Leary,
"It seems to be come to let people "that a good time has come to let people know that while there may be exceptional cases. New York has no better or more faithful servants than its firemen. They are honest, and although opportunities for theft are constantly before them, it is the rarest thing in the world for them to take advantage of them. "People who rush into print with charges

"People who rush into print with charges against firemen ought to be sure of their ground. Hundreds of people see the charge, but few see the vindication.

"In the case on the West Side, no more serious charge has ever been made against firemen, and on its face I never saw what looked at the start to be a clearer case. Yet investigation riddled it through and through and brought the firemen out triumphant.

Out-of-Town Business Men. Almost every day for the last two months the Barge Office looking for men who are willing to go out into the country and work. One of these men, who was questioned

recently, said that he and others from the country districts of this State came here looking for men because they had found t impossible to get sufficient labor in other quarters. While hundreds of men were seeking routes to Kansas and other States in the wheat belt, where they could work from ten to fourteen hours a [day, for a maximum wage of \$4 a day, there was more work than they could handle at almost as good pay right in this State. Besides, the work here had the advantage of permanency, with every chance for a man to rise above the level of the ordinary laborer.

In a recent trip through the southern part of this State, a Sun reporter heard the same complaint from business men. These men said that they were unable to fill orders this summer because they couldn't get men to work. A man who is heavily interested in brick yards and acid works Pennsylvania and New York said this "You can get men to work for a week or two weeks, perhaps, but then they quit,

and you have to get a new batch and break them all in again. This has been my ex-perience over and over again this summer. perience over and over again this summer.

"Mind, there is no trouble with organized labor in this. It is sheer laziness, and the desire on the part of this class of men to spend the first few dollars that they get.

"We pay men well in our brick yards and give them long seasons of work. But they work a few weeks and then quit, leaving us in a hole, with thousands of dollars worth of orders on hand. We can't fill the orders and we lose the business. can't fill the orders and we lose the business
"It is the same in the acid factories. We give men out in the woods as high as \$15 a week, supply them with their cabins and fuel, and teach them a business that can rise in, but they will not stay us. The work is not harder than other

branches of labor; it is not difficult nor pleasant.
The trouble with what the demagogues
The trouble with what the demagogues
of the great army of "The trouble with what the demagogues in this country call the 'great army of unemployed' is that they are too lazy to work. There's plenty of work around here, but no one to take it, save a handful of professional shirkers, whom we won't employ because we know that all they get it about \$10 and that when they get it vant is about \$10 and that when they get it

A Binghamton street railroad man made A Bingnamon screen rain out his matches the same complaint about his inability to get labor, and all through this State and Pennsylvania the hop growers are complaining about their inability to get men who will work.

CHAUFFEURS WORK HARD. The Calling a Strenuous One-Americans

The tasks of the chauffeur are sometimes exacting enough to make his pay seem inadequate, liberal though it is in comparison with the wages prevailing in other occupa-

tions. One man employed by the owner of a large automobile finished his work the other morning at 5 o'clock. He had returned three hours before from a long country run, and then had to put the machine in order again.

At 8 the same morning he had to start for a day in the country with one of the younger members of the family.

Such strenuous work is not unusual in

his case, nor is it uncommon in the experience of other chauffeurs. They have to be ready whenever their employers want them. The men who have taken up this work are of a much higher class than those who serve as coachmen, and most of them are Americans in spite of the great objections many of them make to wearing uni-

LANDLUBBERS FOR THE NAVY

EXPERIENCES OF A RECRUITING OUTFIT IN THE WEST.

Micah Saved by His Maw From a Life on the Ocean Wave-Opportune Passingby of Cynthiana-Diplomacy of Boatswain's Mate With Hesitating Recruits.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.—"I never ploughed into so many schools of natural born hesitators as I met with during this last inland lubber-gathering cruise that I've just finished," said a petty officer of the navy who has been attached for some months to a naval recruiting outfit operating in the Middle Western and a few of the more northerly Southern States. "Most of them nudged so close to the life on the ocean wave that they could feel the spray and smell the scouse, and then, becoming stampeded all of a sudden, ducked for the tall and uncut like a bunch of seminary girls with red sunshades crossing a grazing field and hiking for the fence upon seeing a cow gazing at them three furlongs away.

"And the bigger and huskier the lubbers were the more scared they seemed to be at the last minute. One of them, an Illinois vap as high as a Manchu mandarin on streetflood stilts and strong enough to play jacks with ten-pound dumbbells wired together. made a backdown and a getaway that gave the officer in charge of our shipping outfit the fantods for three days.

"He passed the surgeon as easy as a racing turbiner slips by a dump scow. He was so good when he shed his hayin' duds and went before the physical examiner that the surgeon only smiled and said, 'What's the use? You'll do,' after taking little more than a peek or two at the big lummox.

"But some of us that were looking or could see that his gizzard was about the size of a sand gnat's. There was a hunted look in his eye after the surgeon told him that he was all right, and you could almost hear the cogitations in his maintop while he was putting on his clothes preparatory to going in before the shipping officer and putting his name to the enlistment papers.

"Take a brace, maty,' we said to him, encouragingly, seeing that the big Zeke was edging close to a collapse, 'What's three years? A mere bag o' shells! And think of the hayin' you'll dodge while you're gone! Look at the fun you're going to have! Think of Paris and Port Said! Just one grand, lolly dreamy smoke for three years! Unship that think-it-over look and take a reef in your forked guessing stick. The deep water's the thing for you, Jack!"

"'I dunno so much 'bout that, b'gosh now th't I've got this far,' the big Cy said, scratching his head. 'Mebbe it wouldn't suit me and I wouldn't suit it-and then what? Say, I'd sure like t' talk it over with maw ag'in before I put my hand t' them binding papers.'

"We had a hard time cugger-muggering him out of that notion and we finally, one of us at each side of him, nursed him along through the door of the office where the shipping officer had the enlistment papers spread out. He had the inked pen in his shaking hand and was just leaning over the desk with his tongue lolling out and his eyes rolling to scratch his signature at the bottom of the made-out form that

to the window and looked down. A little old woman in a Paisley shawl and a poppylittered bonnet was just climbing out of the farm wagon, which she had been driving

"'It's maw!' gasped the Rube with an expression of intense relief on his face.

I guess may wants me."
"The office door flew open.
"'Maw!"

his'n.
"Th' idee o' my Micah wantin' t' f'r a rowdy, drunken, scan'alous sailor— th' very idee!' said the old lady, addressing the tired-looking recruiting officer. 'An' him th' youngest o' eight boys, all o' 'em as happy an' content as can be on their paw's farm—an' Micah never hevin' been no further 'way from hum than Pee-or-ial Don't you dare t' tell me that my Micah's already been an' gone an' jined them scan'-alous sailors, or that it's too late! I'm a-goin' t' take my Micah hum with me

right now! Madam, said the shipping officer getting up at his desk and making Micah's mother a low bow, 'he's all yours. You can have him.

"She took Micah by his ham-like hand and led him down the stairs to the wagon, and I never saw a more delighted-looking Micah ashore or affoat than that one was when he climbed into the wagon alongside his maw. Fact is, as the wagon sheered off Micah twisted around in his seat grinned and stuck his fingers to his nose at us who were watching his getaway from the

"We had another close thing of it in little Iowa town. He was a township tease who were store clothes, banged his straw-colored hair so's it would protrude in a real cute way in front of his chip straw hat, and sported a hand-knit green, blue and red four-in-hand necktie. All in all, he was about as pregacious a specimen of a meadow madeap and a county cut-up as I got a binocular on during the overland

"He gave us to understand that the reathere was a deep, dark cark cankering away his life, and when he got this off myself and all the rest of the old flatfeet myself and all the rest of the old flatfeet looked each other over and felt real pathetic, so we did. But the shipping officer who overheard him looked up in some alarm. "You're not married, are you?' he in-quired of the tease. The recruiting officers

have got to be careful not to ship fellows trying to duck responsibilities of matrimony on a landsman's or coalheaver's pay "The village cut-up replied that he wa'ant not jes' yit, but that—
"Oh, well, if it's only that, you'll get "On, well, if it's only that, you'll get over it all right when you go to sea,' said the officer, looking relieved. 'A lot of us have carks, but we forget all about 'em when we go to sea. The sea's the greatest canker-destroyer you ever heard tell of,' and the officer winked solemnly over the boyden's head at us.

hoyden's head at us.
"Well, we almost had that fellow snagged —he passed the doctor without any bother and was eligible in all other respects for a deck-swab, and he was shipping as a lands-

man-when, at the last minute, he made a brush-out.

"'I reckon,' the silo-and-ensilage sport with the cark in his midriff said, kind o' dreamy-like, when we began to glide him into the office to tack his name onto the

into the office to tack his name onto the papers. I reckon I'll ast Cynthiana jes onet more—Cynthianaknowed this mornin' that I was about t' take this fateful step, an' ef she sees that I'm downright desprit an' mean it, w'y, mebbe she'll——"Again it was the miserable little Main street upon which the recruiting head-quarters was situated that robbed the pays of as waggish and straw-haired.

seconds later he was in the buggy and driving off with one arm around Cynth's waist, the cark gone from his bosom as sudden as a lime-juicer's crew lays aft for grog when the word is passed.

"And we found all of them a heap exacting out there in the grain belt. With the outfit we had an old shellback of a bo'sun's mate who's been going up and down the

outfit we had an old shellback of a bo'sun's mate who's been going up and down the world in the frigates ever since the days of the old Ticon' and propeller wells, and this old jack was constituted the Bureau of Information to handle the applicants because he'd promise them any old thing that they'd ask for.

"'But, look a-here, mister, I reckon I'd git seasick, never havin' been on th' water in nothin' but a skift before, an' I've heeard tell that seasickness is pizen bad,' the shufflers 'ud say to the old heavy-weather timber shiverer before making up their minds to ship, and then the old jack would look at them in surprise. look at them in surprise.

"Listen yere, matey,' he'd reply, confidentially, herding the doubtful ones into

a corner so's to get a better crack at them, 'I've been goin' to sea, man and boy, in this line o' packets, ever sence I was the size o' a 'I've been goin' to sea, man and boy, in this line o' packets, ever sence I was the size o' a pup-skate on the Ginney coast, and every time that I've put off to sea, durin' all o' them years, I've been a-gettin' sea-sick—horrib'e sea-sick—sick as a ship's dog that chewed two pounds o' lye—sicker'n a royal marine doubled-ironed in th' brig after a four-days' Gibraltar shore-leave—and that's a hull plenty sick, matey. I'm a-tellin' you.

"'And 'cause why have I been sea-sick every time I've gone to sea durin' all o' them years? 'Cause why? 'Cause at the break o' th' fo'c'sle on every American mano'-war there's a hundred gallon scuttle-butt—a scuttle-butt, matey, is a cask—filled t' th' brim with champagne for all o' th' hands for'ard that suffer from sea-sickness, and here the old sheilback would poke them jovially in the ribs and wink roguishly at them. 'That's 'cause why I always git horrible sea-sick wen I go t' sea—somethin' horrible—and who wouldn't, with that there hundred-gallon scuttle-butt standin' there at the break o' th' fo'c'sle, filled t' th' brim with foamin', purlin', seethin' French champagne water, th' spigot all ready t' be turned on, but on'y t' be touched by them o' th' men for'ard—perticler the new men for'ard—that's got th' sense t' git sea-sick—hey, who wouldn't, matey?'

"It may sound oretty raw, but nine out of

hey, who wouldn't, matey?

"It may sound pretty raw, but nine out of ten of the b'goshers of the corn-shucking section gulped that one down just as it flowed from the face of the leathery old deck-

flowed from the face of the leathery old deckprowler, and I'll bet that there are some
of them rubbering around yet on the ships
to which they've been assigned for the
champagne-filled scuttle-butt for the sailors
that suffer from the sickness of the sea.

"Most of them, too, wanted quite a whole
lot for consenting to hold up their hands
before the recruiting officer. They were
particularly solicitous as to the kind of
uniform they would be required to wear.

"In a little Missouri town a big, rawboned hired man, with a climbing motion
of the feet when he walked that 'ud make
you think of the grape-dancers in the dago ou think of the grape-dancers in the dago vineyards, clomped upstairs to the office, and, without removing his headgear or an any other way recognizing the shipping in any other way recognizing the shipping officer, he slouched over to where one of the fancy uniform pictures was hanging. He placed a big thumb on the picture of a chief petty officer, a chief bo'sun's mate with an anchor and eagle rating badge on the blouse sleeve of his watch arm, and he inquired of all of us in general:

"Hey, mister, ef I go f'r a sailor with you fellers do I git a suit o' clo'es jes' like this-a-one t' wear right off?'

"Pretty forehand remark, that, when you stop to think that it takes a seventh son born lucky with a caul all the way from

son born lucky with a caul all the way from ten to twenty years to get a chief petty officer's rig-out on his back in this man's navy! I've been with the outfit eighteen years and I'm still wearing the bell-bottoms, even if I have got a crow on my arm.

"Well, the shipping officer grinned, and the old shellback who acted as the Bureau of Information nodded the turnip-hoer into the next room and said to him.

would hold him tight for three years when there was a clattering and a creaking on the road down below. The yap seemed to recognize the sound.

"With the pen still in his hand he clomped"

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"With the pe

in it in askin. But that kind o' uniform hain't got no sword t' go with it. Now, you'll be wantin' of a sword t' go with your uniform, won't you, messmate?'

"The hired hand reckoned that a sword added to the uniform wouldn't hurt none, but, he said, with great positiveness, he 'wa'n't a-goin' to' wear no loose blue shirt tucked into them. wa'n't a-goin' to' wear no loose blue shirt tucked into them baggy wide-bottomed trousers jes' like common, ornery sailors, and ef he could have, right off, the uniform that he'd pointed out in the picture, w'y, all right—mebbe then he'd ship, and, then, mebbe again he wouldn't—he wanted to git that uniform question made clear fust'

"The Bureau of Information made that al right with him, and, after the milker had hesitated and reneged and passed it up and come back a dozen times or so, he was duly shipped as a coal heaver and hiked east to one of the receiving ships with a carload of the corralled ones.

"I'd like to 've been standing by near the receiving ships with a

receiving ship pay office when the Jack-o-the-Dust tossed that hired man a slop rig of Government straight bluejacket togs. I'll bet a month's tobacco that he looked as sore and abused as a stranded dogfish in a quicksand."

FLOWERS OF PREY.

nsects of the Form and Color of Orchid Which Their Prey Think Plants.

From the Scientific American. Probably in some respects the most sur-prising result of late entomological exploration is the discovery of semblances of orchida-ceous flowers endowed with animal life and voracious carnivorous appetites, that seize and incontinently devour insect vegetarians which, allured by their form and color, in-

voracious carnivorous appetites, that seize and incontinently devour insect vegetarians which, allured by their form and color, incautiously alight upon them.

These flower insects belong to the curious family Mantidæ, of which we have a well-known member in our Southern States, Phasmomantis carolina, commonly called "praying mantis," though if the first part of the name was spelled with an "e" instead of an "a," it would be far more appropriate, since no known insect is more bloodthirsty and destructive of smaller and weaker individuals belonging to its class. Its form is characteristic of its predatory habits. The mantis is really a four-legged insect, for the fore limbs are so modified that they cannot under any circumstances be used in walking and are no more properly termed legs than would be the arms of men or the wings of birds. They are, in fact, the natural weapons of the insect and are used for nothing else than fighting and for capturing prey.

An insect discovered by Wood Mason masquerades sometimes as a pink and at others as a white orchid. The whole flower insect is either conspicuously white or of a resplendent pink color, and both in color and form perfectly imitates a flower. The lower or apparently anterior petal of an orchidaceous blossom, the labellum, often of a very curious shape, is represented by the abdomen of the insect, while the parts which might be taken regarding it as an insect, for its wings, are actually the femurs of the two pairs of posterior limbs, so greatly expanded, flattened and shaped in such manner as to represent the remaining petals of the flower. As the mantis rests, head downward, amid the stems and leaves of a plant, the forelegs drawn in so that they cannot be seen, the thighs of the two hind ones radiating out on each side, and the thorax and the abdomen raised at right angles to each other, the insect might easily at first sight deceive more discriminating entomologists than the honey-seekers that settle upon it.

An allied species, exactly resembling a pink orc

onet more—Cynthiana knowed this mornin' that I was about t' take this fateful step, an' ef she seest that I'm downright desprit an' mean it, w'y, rnebbe she'll—

"Again it was the miserable little Main street upon which the recruiting headquarters was situated that robbed the navy of as waggish and straw-haired a Hank as ever played ring-around-rosy with the apple-cheeked girls at a huskin' bee. Our nearly-shipped candidate espied a neat-looking buggy going by with a white-clad girl driving the nag hitched to it at a slow jog. The girl was looking up sort of expectantly at the recuriting office windows.

"Our prankish one made one of the open windows in two slides, poked his head out, and called out to the girl:

"Hey, Cynth', I'm jes' goin' t' sign now-say, Cynth', shall I sign or no?'

"The girl in the buggy put a forefinger in her mouth reflectively, and then she shook her head from side to side.

"Good-by, fellers!' yelled the Hiram, hopping away from the window and making for the stairs. 'I don't want t' be no sailor—Cynth' says it's all right!' and two Prof. S. Kurz, while at Pegu, in lower Burmah

MIRACLES IN OLD PASSADANKY.

AMAZIN' PICKEREL OUT THERE SURPASS THEMSELVES.

ealing of Jim Bodle's Watch by Those Alarming Denizens of the Deepy Deep and Its Surprising Recovery Furnish Items for the Geeville Paper.

"One day, the time I was running the Trumpet Blast of Freedom for the guidance, enlightenment and elevation of the 'wayback constituency of Geeville and parts adjacent," said the citizen who has since made a reputation in a more extended sphere, "a comfortable-looking native came into the office and remarked:

"'I s'pose you wouldn't object to a few jottin's from the Old Passadanky deestrict, would you?'

" I assured the visitor that the Trumpet would be only too glad to print the news from Old Passadanky. " 'All right,' said he. 'Make the first

jottin' somethin' like this: "Them Old Passadanky pickerel is flerce and alarmin'." You mowt put that in big type, 'cause them pickerel is wuth it. Then put it in that Jim Bodle has found his watch. The third jottin' you kin string along so's it'll read: "There comes pooty dern nigh to miracles bein' done, up on the Old Passa danky." " "Them's about all the news I brung

in this time, but they'm enough. You mowt head 'em: "Old Passadanky Ag'in All Creation," and say that they was brung in by Obadiah Colbraith, landlord of the Old Passadanky Tayern, where he is prepared to entertain man and beast at all times o' day and night with the best the market affords, terms made known on application; special rates to them that comes by the week or month, and satisfaction guaranteed. You mowt string that in ahead o' the jottin's as an evidence that they can be took in good faith and that I ain't foolin' you with no news that ain't so. "I nodded, and referred back to the

" 'As to the one about the pickerel,' I said, 'that, of course, explained itself, but the finding of Mr. Bodle's watch and the jot about the miracles-seems to me. Mr. Colbraith, that there ought to be more in those than the mere mention.

"Them pickerel explains themselves, exclaimed the bringer-in of the news from Old Passadanky. "Why, Great Sloppin' Si Slocum, man! Them pickerel can't explain themselves. There ain't nothin' on top o' earth kin explain them Old Passadanky pickerel. Anybody can lose a watch and find it, and if miracles is goin' to be did there ain't no place nowhere where they mowt be did better than they mowt at Old Passadanky. But them pickerel explainin' themselves! Why-

"He paused and looked around the office as if he were seeking the possibility of finding words sufficient to express how absolutely absurd the idea was that those pickerel could explain or be explained, and failing to find any he turned to me and

"'But, mebbe I'd better say a few remarks about them pickerel?" "I declared that I would be glad if he would. And he did.

" 'In the first place,' said he, 'I'd like to have you come up and try them pickerel, some day; but you want to look out! They'm actin' partic'lar bad jest now. And in the second place, Jim Bodle's watch wasn't lost, it was stole.

" 'When Jim came to the tavern and told me his watch had been stole I felt terrible sorry fer him, 'cause he had been savin' up a considerable while to git it, and 'twan't likely that he'd ever git another one. But when he told me who stole it I jest b'iled over, fer 'twas only the week before that and a hawk stole nine chickens, and now when it come to a pickerel raisin' up and stealin his watch, it was more than I could

"'"Dingnation take it," says Jim, "it ain't safe to be in this bailiwick no more!" says

he looked so desolatin' low down and dumpy that I give him two good snifters, and half

a pint to take home with him.

"'And Jim wan't out after pickerel neither. He was out dilly-dallin' with the bass, some o' them old sockindoodlers that lays low fer things along the Big Slippin' Rocks o' the Old Passadanky. Jim was standin' jest above his knees in the water, playin' a bass he had jest hooked, when 'plunk!" come somethin' ag'in his stomick that knocked the wind outen him and doubled him up like a jack-knife.

" 'Now, s'posin' that you had been winded and doubled up like that by a plunk in the stomick, and when you come to, and looked down to see what in Sam Hill had done the windin' and doublin', and had see that it was a tremendous, glarin, grindin' big pickerel had done it, and that the pickerel had grabbed your watch chain and was tuggin' and vankin' at it like mad, wouldnt' you been su'prised?

"I said I would. " 'I thought mebbe you'd more than likely say so,' said my visitor, ''cause it 'd be funny if you wouldn't. And, of course Jim was su'prised when he seen that setch was jest what was happenin' to him. And before he got all o' his wind back and could that doublin' out of him, the hitch some o' that doublin' out of him, the pickerel had snipped the watch outen his pocket, yanked the chain outen Jim's buttonhole, and was divin' back into the water ag'in with its plunder. And Jim said the ickerel was mean enough to stop when i was half under and wiggle its tail at him

was half under and wiggle its tall at this the aggravatinest kind.

"'And vit you say that them pickerel explains themselves! Why, Jiggling Joe Jaggers, man, what be you thinkin' about?'

"I admitted that I was wrong, and Mr. Colbraith continued:
"'Well, sir, yisterday Jim come into my

tavern, and he was jest a-whoopin' and a-yellin'. I thought sure that the losin' of his watch had druv him crazy, fer he had been ponderin' on it like all-possessed.
"""Obadiah," he hollers, "I've found my watch!"
"'"Jim." says I, soothin'-like, sure now

""Jim," says 1, soothin-like, sure now that he was crazier than a loon; "Jim," I says, "don't let it work on to you like that. Ding it, Jim," I says, "I'll buy another watch myself," I says.

""Buy me another un!" hollers Jim.
"What do I want with another un when I've got my own watch back?" he says, and pulls out his watch and chain that the ramment. Old Passadanky nickeral had rampagin' Old Passadanky pickerel had riz up and stole from him.

"'"Jim," I says, holdin' up my hands, and feelin' skeery. "Miracles?"

feelin' skeery. "Miracles?"
"'"Pooty dingnation nigh!" says Jim, and then he told me all about it. and then he told me all about it.

"'Jim's cousin, Ben Lippincott, lives three mile below the Big Slippin' Rocks. Ben is the all-pervadinest best pickerel ketcher on the Old Passadanky, 'cause he ain't afeard of 'em. When a feller hooks on to one o' them pickerel and hauls in and gits one sight of him comin', and don't cut the line and let the pickerel go, then that feller ain't afeared to tackle his weight in wildcats.

that feller ain't afeared to tackle his weight in wildcats.

"Ben Lippincott he's jest that kind of a feller, and he'll go all alone and tackle them pickerel any time. Well, day before yisterday Ben thought he'd go out and skeer up a fight with 'em, and he went. He hadn't trolled long before he got a strike that sort o' even made him shiver.

"Belshazzar's Ghost!" says Ben. "I bet a hoss there ain't no percedent on the bet a hoss there ain't no percedent on the Old Passadanky fer setch a strike as that," says he. "That pickerel's a pickerel from



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the deepy deep waters," says he, "and he's madder than a trapped bear."

"'And Ben was right, too. It ain't wuth while fer me to tell you how Ben had to fight and tussle and sweat and swear before he got the pickerel ashore; but he landed 'em. Yes—two of 'em. But only one of 'em had Ben's hook in its mouth. Tother up had to come along, jest the same, 'cause' front of the orchestra and taught that

un had to come along, jest the same, 'cause he was fast to the hooked pickerel by a chain—a watch chain at that! "Ben said it was the most su'prisin' was fast in one pickerel's teeth tight as wax, and the other end was some rs down in t'other un's innards. Ben felt that he ought to investigate. He knocked the two pickerel in the head and ripped t'other pickerel open. He found a watch fast in

Ben danced for joy over the prize he Ben danced for joy over the prize he had took, but pooty soon he stopped and turned pale. He reco'nized the watch as his cousin Jim Bodle's. Ben hadn't heerd nothin' about Jim's havin' his watch stole, so there was only one thing he could think

so there was only one thing he could think of that had happened.

""Them pickerel has waylaid Jim and gobbled him!" says Ben, "and all that's left of him is this here watch and chain!"

"Ben didn't lose no time, I tell you, gittin' up to Jim's folkses with the news. Well—but of course you know what the upshot must 'a' been, and what a lively time there was to Jim's. One o' them pickerel had stole the watch from Jim, and t'other pickerel had tried to steal it from that pickerel. In the tussle fer it they got into a scrape, and Jim found his watch. But it was toler'ble close on to miracles—toler'ble close.

miracles toler ble close!
"'Them pickerel of Old Passadanky ex "Them pickerel of Old Passadanay explains themselves, do they? Well, now, you see that they don't; and you jest put it in the paper in big type that they're flerce and alarmin', and then jot it along that Jim Bodle has found his watch, and that there comes pooty dern night to miracles bein' done up on the Old Passadanky. And don't forgit to string it in that them news don't forgit to string it in that them news was brung in by Obadiah Colbraith et settery, and then mebbe I'll 'scribe fer your paper some day, and you kin come up and dicker it out at the Old Passadanky

"Then Mr. Colbraith went away, and whether he liked the way I put 'them news' in the paper I never knew. Perhaps he didn't, for he never 'soribed for it."

HE IS A SONG BOOMER. Tricks Used to Make the Public Recognize a Good Thing.

"You couldn't guess how I make my living if you guessed for a month of Sundays," said a well-dressed young man at a roof garden. "I'm a song promoter. I'm the man who makes the popular songs popular. I earn big money and I've grown nto a necessity to the music publishing house that employs me.

"The company works one big town at time. It sends on, by freight, a stack of the music of the song to be made popular. It is not put on sale until I give the word. "I get to a town after the music has been

placed in the hands of the leading music houses. I arrange with two or three theatres to aid me in introducing the song. "Maybe I go to the swellest theatre in town Monday night and sit in a lower box, n my evening clothes, like an ordinary patron. During the daytime I will have fixed the orchestra and had the music run over. Between the first and second act, perhaps, I stand up in my box and begin

inging. "The audience is startled. Ushers run through the aisles. A policeman comes in and walks toward the box. About the time the policeman is where he can be seen by all the audience I step out on to the stage in front of the curtain and begin the chorus, with the orchestra playing and the audience, that is now onto the game, clapping so hard it almost blisters its hands.

"I have, may be, a good whistler in the gallery, whom I have taught during the day. He helps me when I begin teaching the gallery to whistle the chorus. He leads the gods and before I have done they and the whole house have caught the air. "I usually get the orchestra to play the chorus as the audience is going out. Everytheatre's audience to sing and whistle the

church choir soprano. He got a little too precocious and I had to ship him home. He used to sit in the front row of the gallery and break into song there, and then I would join in the chorus from the box. walking onto the stage. Finally, he would come down, singing as he came.

"One day I was late at dinner at a big Southwestern hotel and I was startled to hear a voice I knew singing in the dining to hear a voice I knew singing in the dining room, the hotel orchestra accompanying it. I entered and looking away down toward the centre of the room I saw my boy standing on too of a table, shrilly piping 'Under the Bamboo Tree,' and every diner was cheering when he finished the chorus.

"This won't do,' I said, as I helped the lad down and apologized to the her waiter and the guests sitting near.

"I thought you said we had to push the business wherever the chance could be found to do it,' he said, as he explained his action. But he was too much of a pusher for me.

pusher for me.

pusher for me.

"The best thing I ever did to popularize a song was done right here in little old New York, in a roof garden theatre. My wife knew a girl who was making a hit at the garden, so we had to go and see the girl in her act. I put the thing off for a night or two and planned a little surprise.

"I met the girl, who did a singing part, and fixed the thing up with her. The orchestra and the manager, an old friend of mine, readily fell into line. I was engaged in promoting popularity for 'Go Away An' Let Me Sleep,' about this time, and I saw a chance to do some noble work. Away An' Let Me Seep, about this and I saw a chance to do some noble work.

"My wife wanted to sit away up in front so her friend would see her, but I insisted on taking chairs in the rear of the garden, near the elevator landing. The growd was large. The night was hot and the bill was read.

was good.

"I don't know what makes me so drowsy.
I said to my wife as her friend came on."

I said to my wife as her friend came on. I guess they must have put knock-out drops in that last glass of lemonade.

"I leaned back in my chair with one elbow on the table. As the girl sang I began to snore. I snored so loud that it disturbed those listening to the singing. They looked around in disgust. My wife gave me a kick under the table.

"'Wake up. Charlie,' she said. 'You " 'Wake up, Charlie,' she said. 'You are attracting attention.' I snored harder than ever. A waiter came over and shook

me by the arm. My wife became alarmed and stood up.
"Most of the folks in our part of the garden thought I was drunk. One man started toward the manager's office to complain. just as a policeman was brought my way

by a second waiter.

The entire audience turned our way. The entire audience turned our way. Some persons stood on chairs and others moved out into the aisles. Just as the policeman and the waiter raised me out of my chair I stretched and yawned like

of my chair I stretched and yawned like a man dead for slumber and began singings "Go away an' let me sleep. Ah would rather sleep than eat."
"Out of one corner of my eye I noticed a great light spread over my wife's face. I kept on singing as I was being carried and led to the elevator. I sang going down and I sang coming up.
"As the elevator reached the landing the girl on the stage struck into the chorus along with the orchestra, and the audience tumbled.

I never saw an audience go so nearly crazy over anything in my life. Men laughed until the tears came and women became hysterical. My wife was the happiest woman in all the town. She admitted for the first time that I was a sure enough

actor, which I had made up my mind she should do if I had to scare her half to death

to bring about the conviction.



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